dignified " rows " with a sitter over a portrait and wrangling over the price, another artist was painting frescoes in a cathedral lor nothing. " It is sad that it should be so," a friend said to me, " but *one must discriminate.* The man haggling over the sixpence is the great artist ! "

How splendid it is that *in time* this is recognised. The immortal soul of the artist is in his work, the transient and mortal one is in his conduct.

Another sonnet from Oscar Wilde—to Portia this time—is the first document that I find in connection with " The Merchant/' as the play was always called by the theatre staff.

> " I marvel not Bassanio **was** so bold
> To peril all he had upon the lead,
> Or that proud Aragon bent low his head,
> Or that Morocco's fiery heart grew cold :
> For in that gorgeous dress of beaten gold,
> Which is more goldea than the golden sun,
> N"o woman Veronese looked upon
> Was half so fair as thou whom I behold.
> Vet fairer when with wisdom as your shield
> The sober-suited lawyer's gown you donned,
> And would not let the laws of Venice yield
> Antonio's heart to that accursed Jew—
> O, Portia ! take my heart; it is thy due :
> I think I will not quarrel with the Bond/*

Henry living's Shylock dress was designed by Sir John Gilbert. It was never replaced, and only once cleaned by Henry's dresser and valet, Walter Collinson. Walter, I think, replaced " Doody," Henry's first dresser at the Lyceum, daring the ran of " The Merchant of Venice." Walter was a \vig-rnaker by trade—assistant to Clarkson the elder. It was Doody who, on being asked his opinion of a production, said that it was fine—" not a *join*[1] to be

[1] A " join " in theatrical wig-makers* parlance is the point where the front-piece of the wigjends and the actor's forehead begins.